

Good Morning 339

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Sports Writer Raymond Foxall Turns Spotlight on FOOTBALL'S FIGHTING FUTURE

WHEN the last "all clear" has echoed across the battle-fields of Europe the football teams of Great Britain will begin the biggest re-building campaign in the history of the game.

Almost before the last grey wisps of battle smoke have thinned and died away the big clubs will be adding thick and fast to the ranks which had been depleted by war.

Those first-class soccer stars who went away to war?—well, many will never take up football as a profession after the war.

And then Jack So-and-so, who joined the Forces when he was at the peak of his play, may not be quite so tricky with the ball when he dons his sports togs again. Stars can be made overnight. They can also wane before the morn.

So all this means that the first twelve months of post-war football will be something of a gamble.

Many of the older stars will have passed the peak of their football speed. The war has raged nearly five years up to now—and five years is a long time when you're talking of a soccer star's age!

The average "life" of a first-team player is no more than six years. During that small period he can become, almost imperceptibly, slower, and slower, and the length of his shots just a little less.

Some of those who have grown slower during the war, however, will be used to play side by side with the younger men—to temper experience with youth.

The two Manchester clubs—United and City—have a number of young players with prospects of becoming "stars" after the war. Both clubs have made several of these lads professionals—though right now the boys are in the Forces.

But these youngsters are not enough to fill the big gaps there'll be after the war, and it is an opinion among managers that when peace comes they'll be lucky if they have 40 per cent. of the players they had before the war.

For not long ago, if you remember, I wrote in the pages of "Good Morning" about the football speed that is envisaged for the post-war game. I spoke of the new and golden era of soccer which will begin when

the war clouds drift away out of sight, when scientific training will make football players as swift as greyhounds.

Then, you see, in those days of speed-by-science, the older players may not be quite suitable for the big teams and the big crowds. Even if they had lights around their names in the days before the war.

Just to illustrate my point about how the teams will need building up again, listen to these simple facts:—

Out of a professional staff of 40 players in 1939, Manchester United, for instance, has 29 in the Forces. About 20 are abroad. And only about six or seven of the 40 will be young enough for post-war football.

The average age of football stars in the dim days before the war was from 28 to 30. So how many of the older ones are, maybe even now, just a little too mature?

But several well-known northern players—such as Swift, Sproston and Clarke—are acting as P.T. instructors in the Forces in England. Perhaps they, through their job, will be kept sufficiently in trim to once more storm the citadels of yesterday's fame.

Other Northern soccer stars who are in the Forces, by the way, include Peter Doherty, R.A.F., who is a P.T. instructor somewhere in England; Rowley, the prolific goal-scorer, who is in the Army in England; Jimmy Hanlon, one of the most promising forwards, who is a prisoner of war in Germany; and Carey, who is in the Middle East.

I must tell you, too, of another suggestion which has been put forward for inclusion in the post-war re-organisation plans. A well-known football authority tells me that after the war half the season might well be set aside for ordinary league matches and the other half for cup matches.

In so many ways football will be altered immeasurably from the game that once you knew.

And so, sure enough, the ending of the greatest of all Great Wars will be the signal for the beginning of another campaign—of a different kind this time, but every bit the biggest strength building effort the football world has ever known.

HE is getting bald on top, but he doesn't wear glasses, and his touch is delicate, his fingers as steady as those of a surgeon in an operating theatre.

He is, in fact, a surgeon, but he operates on diamonds, not duodenals. He is known in the trade as "Diamond Dave," and he regards himself as a member of the "Unlucky thirteen"—the thirteen best diamond cutters in all Britain, who consider themselves unfortunate because their weekly wage is so small compared with the value of the stones they handle. Dave averages £6 10s. a week, and daily cuts and selects stones to the total value of about £600.

It is true that he earns so little compared with the value of the stuff on which he works, but it is a good industrial wage—and anyway his work is vitally important.

As he tells you about his job he is watching a spinning turntable on which rest four knobs at the end of fingers. He removes one of the fingers, known as "tongs," and inspects the underside of the knob or "dop."

There, imbedded in a mixture of metal, is a tiny Diamond. The turntable, coated with diamond dust and olive oil, is putting a face on four diamonds as it spins. No fancy cutting is needed, because these four specimens are industrial diamonds, which will never be used for ornament—in fact, it is probable that several out of this batch will soon be used for grinding aero engine crankshafts.

A Belgian operator near Diamond Dave is embedding a diamond in a tiny knob of nearly molten metal. He lifts his calloused thumbs to show you how, after years of grinding and working at the metal-pot, he can smooth the hot

metal with his thumbs and not feel a thing.

A third operator is getting a turntable ready for Dave, whose master fingers are needed to set the jigs to hold a 1½-carat diamond (about the diameter of a pencil) and then he checks the position with a magnifying glass. This is really a sparkler, and in a ring-setting will cost about 300 guineas. It will be a remodelled diamond which was first cut in early Victorian days.

"Diamond cutting has improved a lot since the war," Dave will tell you. "We get more light in the stones now. The old style was to have a small 'table' or flat surface on the top and a large collet or facet underneath. Now we give them a large 'table' and a small collet."

On an average, 58 separate surfaces have to be ground on a brilliant, while the steel turntable spins at 2,500 turns a

minute; then eight faces on the front and eight on the back, and finally eight "stars" and then 32 minute facets.

Large stones are sometimes cut by hand with rods in which the diamonds are fixed, on or a lathe. A colleague of Dave's is Mr. R. E. North, whose father started a famous London diamond-cutting business. The biggest job the Norths' ever did was the cutting of two brilliants from a stone of 199½ carats, from the Kimberley mines. These are the famous Mylchreest brilliants, and were said to be worth £100,000. They are now in the Royal collection of an Indian prince.

The large stone was cleft—a fairly simple process, though full of risks where such a valuable piece is being worked. You take a V-shaped nick out of it with another piece of diamond, and then you put a sharp instrument along the nick



★~~~~~★
**Daniel Quare
introduces you
to the "King
of Sparklers"**
★~~~~~★

and along the grain, give it a sharp tap and it splits in half. An old cut-throat razor is used for this sort of work. Carefully handled it can cut a diamond fairly easily.

Diamond cutters sort out their stones according to colour—the ordinary commercial diamonds used for war-time jewellery—being usually "Top Capes," "Capes" and "Yellows." Top Capes and Capes have a slight brownish tinge to the expert, but to the ordinary buyer and when viewed without a standard for comparison, they are good flashing white stones. The majority of medium-priced jewellery is made of "fine light brown," which is not a name to indicate a common grade of stone.

In addition to a fine colour, a good stone must also be clean—that is, free from internal fissures, spots or blemishes. But in the hands of a good cutter, a stone with a blemish can still be of high value, for the cutter can hide the mark under the girdle, or cut the stone so that the mark is away from the table.

Unless the stone is warm (through being worn, or carried in the pocket for some time) the breath will condense on the surface. When breathed on in this way the brilliancy is dulled and a close examination will disclose all but microscopic blemishes. Some owners of valuable jewels send them to the cutters so that enlarged photographs of the "tables" and "collets," with their blemishes, can be made. These photographs are proof against theft; they are, in fact, the stone's "fingerprints," for it is impossible for a crook to fake the blemishes on a paste stone to be used as a replacement.

The "unlucky thirteen," working in the diamond cutters' shops, will soon consider themselves still less fortunate, for the output of diamonds for home consumption is being limited, though the price for export is still rising.

By the Gem Diamonds (Control of Manufacture) Order, 1942, only seven factories have been given a licence to carry on business, and the bulk of their output must go to the export market. Before the war there were over 50 diamond manufacturers in Britain.

Diamond Dave's clever fingers are handling stones that are being flown to Canada, to the United States, and to wealthy diamond-lovers in Cuba and Brazil.

Home Town Roundabout

ALLIED "BASIC."

AN American soldier walked up to the canteen counter in an American Services' club in Bournemouth and asked a young English girl volunteer who was serving for a "griddle cake."

The girl looked puzzled for a moment, and then said, "Oh, you mean a griddle cake?"

"No, I don't, sweetheart," replied the Doughboy. "I want something to put inside me—not to wrap round me."

Which goes to show that difference of pronunciation can lead to embarrassment between allies!

WHAT WOULD YOU, CHUMS?

AT an agricultural "Brains Trust" at Salisbury, one question put by a bachelor farmer "stumped" the experts.

The farmer said a Land Girl in his employ had proposed marriage to him. "She is a good worker and I don't want to lose her," he said. "What shall I do?"

Members of the Brains Trust could offer no solution.

Mr. Donald McCullough, of B.C. Brains Trust fame, who was question-master, jocularly suggested that the problem should be referred to the County War Agricultural Committee, who would, no doubt, demand that an appropriate form should be filled up!

EIN TYWYSOGES.

HIGH spot of Home Town News from Wales speaks of a unique event. It happened at Barry, Glam. Princess Elizabeth, accompanied by the King and Queen, in a two-day whirlwind tour embracing Cardiff, Newport, Merthyr, Neath, Swansea, and some intervening towns and villages, called at Barry. There the Princess, who is 18 this month, chatted with schoolgirl Mayoress Doreen Thomas, aged 16. Never before has such a young Heir Apparent come to Wales, and certainly never been welcomed by such a youthful Mayoress.

Wales gave a real big hand to "Ein Tywysoges" (Our Princess). It was a triumphal tour, with flags and cheers all the way. Wales was deeply touched, for more than one reason. Through the long pages of Britain's history the Heir Apparent has been "Prince of Wales." The King's eldest child being a girl, Wales has long hoped that the title Princess of Wales would be conferred upon her. There are whispers that this is not to be. But Wales is deeply conscious that her first "coming-out" tour should start in Gwalla.

J.S. Newcombe's Short odd—but true

There were many instances of curious misprints in early versions of the Bible, and they fetch high prices when offered for sale. The Vinegar Bible has the word "vinegar" in place of "vineyard." The Treacle Bible, of which Mr. Gladstone had a copy in his Hawarden library, printed Jeremiah viii, 22 ("Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?") as "Is there not tryacle at Gilead; is there no phisition there?" This same volume gives the line, "All to break his head," in Judges ix, as "All to break his brayne panne." The Breeches Bible, issued at Geneva in 1560 with a preface by Calvin, uses this word in the place of "aprons" in the Garden of Eden story: "And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." The Wicked Bible, 1661, contains the commandment, "Thou shalt commit adultery," and in a small pearl Bible of 1653 St. Paul is made to say, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the Kingdom of God?"

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
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THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas Part 3

The crowd riots

THE presence of Tilly and his horsemen, indeed, exercised a salutary check on these civic warriors; but, by degrees, they waxed more and more angry by their own shouts, and as they were not able to understand how anyone could have courage without showing it by cries, they attributed the silence of the dragoons to pusillanimity and advanced one step toward the prison, with all the turbulent mob following in their wake.

In this moment, Count Tilly rode forth towards them single-handed, merely lifting his sword and contracting his brow while he addressed them:

"Well, gentlemen of the burgher-guard, what are you advancing for, and what do you wish?"

The burghers shook their muskets, repeating their cry: "Hurrah for Orange! Death to the traitors!"

"Hurrah for Orange!" All well and good!" replied Tilly, "although I certainly am more partial to happy faces than to gloomy ones. 'Death to the traitors,' as much of it as you like, as long as you show your wishes only by cries. But, as to putting them to death in good earnest, I am here to prevent that, and I shall prevent it."

Then, turning round to his men, he gave the word of command:

"Soldiers, ready!" The troopers obeyed orders with a precision which immediately caused the burgher-guard and the people to fall back, in a degree of confusion which excited the smile of the cavalry officer. "Halloa!" he exclaimed, with that bantering tone which is peculiar to men of his profession; "be easy, gentlemen,

across the courtyard of the prison.

Mentioning his name to the turnkey, who, however, knew him, he said:

"Good morning, Gryphus, I am coming to take away my brother, who, as you know, is condemned to exile, and to carry him out of town."

Whereupon the jailor, a sort of bear, trained to lock and unlock the gates of the prison, had greeted him and admitted him into the building, the doors of which were immediately closed again.

and fair Rosa; how is my brother?"

"Oh, Mynheer John, sir," the young girl replied, "I am not afraid of the harm which has been done to him. That's all over now."

"But what is it you are afraid of?"

"I am afraid of the harm which they are going to do to him."

"Oh, yes," said De Witte, "you mean to speak of the people down below, don't you?"

"Do you hear them?"

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



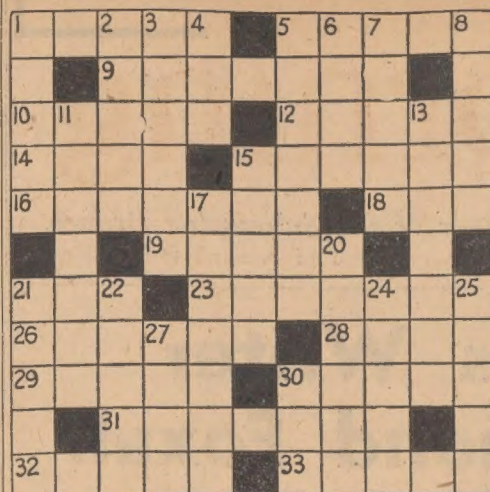
IT'S A DATE!

But not the kind of date you are thinking; or are you? It is a solemn business transaction in the oasis village of Biskra, in the Sahara, and the man with the balances is a vegetable merchant. He is bargaining the vegetables for an equal weight of dates, for there are no coins used in Biskra; and dates, being the staple produce, are the basis of business.

Ten yards further on, John De Witte met a lovely young girl, of about seventeen or eighteen, dressed in the national costume of the Frisian women, who, with pretty demureness, dropped a curtsey to him. Chucking her under the chin, he said to her: "Good morning, my good

"They are indeed in a state of great excitement; but when they see us, perhaps they will grow calmer, as we have never done them anything but good." "That's unfortunately no reason, except for the contrary," muttered the girl, as on an imperative sign from her father she withdrew.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Bachelor girl.
- 5 Shines.
- 9 Part of a horse.
- 10 Quickly.
- 12 Supple.
- 14 Farm implement.
- 15 Of part of head.
- 16 Channel.
- 18 Beaten track.
- 19 Trees.
- 21 And so forth.
- 23 Inferred.
- 26 Inclined.
- 28 Veracious.
- 29 Constellation.
- 30 Local plants.
- 31 Size of type.
- 32 Relaxed.
- 33 Cry in Scotland.

FALLOW COMB
ORE WHOOP
ARABLE RIND
LINO LIMA
VIRKS TOW
BELL ITEMS
ADO CASE N
NAVER ACID
NOTE ENROBE
ENHANCE RUN
REEL ATTEST

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Rough copy.
- 2 Adjudge.
- 3 Metal.
- 4 Had dinner.
- 5 Secured rope round wedge.
- 6 Boy's name.
- 7 Moving.
- 8 Fish.
- 11 Dog.
- 13 Arrogance.
- 15 Famous.
- 17 Expanded.
- 20 Camp dealer.
- 21 Bring out.
- 22 Fodder racks.
- 24 Hundred lacs.
- 25 Delivered.
- 27 Wedge-shaped piece.
- 30 Fruit.

"Indeed, child, what you say is only too true."

Then, in pursuing his way, he said to himself:

"Here is a damsel who very likely does not know how to read, who, consequently, has never read anything; and yet, with one word, she has just told the whole history of the world."

(To be continued.)

HUMOUR

Philip, fooling with his cleek,
Drove his ball through Helen's cheek;
Sad they bore her corpse away.
Seven up and six to play.
Harry Graham.

Stick close to your desks
and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers
of the Queen's Navee!
W. S. Gilbert.

Major Yammerton was
rather a peculiar man, inas-
much as he was an ass,
without being a fool.
Robert S. Surtees.

If an earthquake were to
engulf England to-morrow,
the English would manage
to meet and dine some-
where among the rubbish,
just to celebrate the event.
Douglas Jerrold.

Answers to Quiz in No. 338

1. Bird.
2. (a) Joseph Conrad, (b) Robert Browning.
3. Yellow-hammer is a bird; others are tools.
4. Robert Bruce.
5. South Pole.
6. Abraham Lincoln.
7. Wyvern, Wolfram.
8. Five to six gallons.
9. Ulster.
10. (a) Lombard, (b) Burman.
11. Bobby Shaftoe.
12. Coriolanus, Cymbeline, Comedy of Errors.



"Now, that's my type. You'd have to whistle at least twice to make her look round."

WANGLING WORDS—287

1. Put pursue in PURR and make a buyer.
2. In the following proverb, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it? Throb eth slopi oto skoko yann.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BOIL into BAKE and then back again into BOIL, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden vegetable in this sentence: With my breakfast bacon I only like eggs; not tomatoes. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 286

1. AdmireD.
2. Waste not want not.
3. GOOD, food, ford, fore, fire, wire, WISE, wist, list, lost, loot, moot, mood, GOOD.
4. C-rick-Et.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES

AND SO OUR INTREPID
ADVENTURERS JOURNEY ON

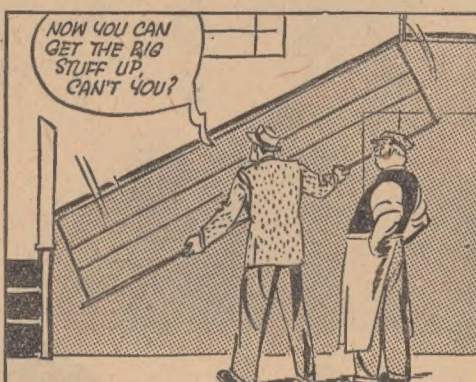
BELINDA



POPEYE



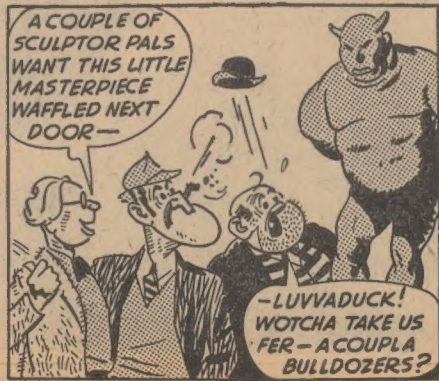
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

ARGUE THIS
OUT FOR
YOURSELVES

NATIONS EQUAL.

EACH sovereign nation, large or small, is in law and under law the equal of every other nation. The principle of sovereign equality of all peace-loving states, irrespective of size and strength, as partners in a future system of general security, will be the foundation-stone upon which the future international organisation will be constructed.

Cordell Hull (U.S. Secretary of State).

VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS.

THE glory of the voluntary hospitals is that for many years the best brains of the profession have worked within their walls, adding to knowledge, and they have done so in an atmosphere of complete intellectual freedom, though that atmosphere has been sharpened by criticism, for no diagnosis is accepted in a great hospital until it has been mauled by half-a-dozen departments. Now turn for a moment to the municipal hospitals. . . . To bring these institutions up to the standard of the great voluntary hospitals will be a matter of many years.

Lord Moran.

SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE.

I AM in favour of raising the school-leaving age to 16, but wishing, I am afraid, is no guarantee of fact. . . . The teachers necessary for all the boys and girls in schools between 14 and 16 are simply not in existence, and they will not be in existence for a considerable time after the war. A vast number of them, as a matter of fact, are now engaged in peeling potatoes and cleaning lavatories in the Services.

Professor Gruffydd, M.P.

THE NEED FOR LIGHT.

IN these days of struggle, which try every soul and every institution and every tradition, we are all in desperate need of a light that is not of men. May God grant that the Church will not fail in providing that light in our present darkness. For if we lack spiritual guidance for our immediate problems, and set our feet in consequence upon obscure ways, our children shall wander for long years in a moral wilderness.

President Roosevelt.

THE LOST GENERATION.

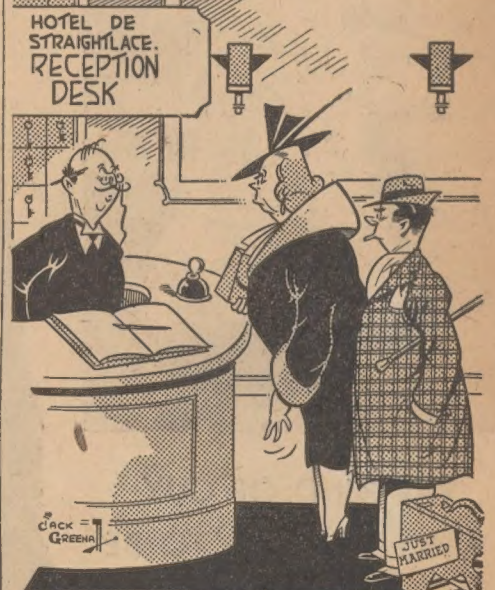
AT the close of World War 1 we saw a cruelly wounded world turn defiantly against formal religion. The "Lost Generation" emerged. As the post-war demoralisation grew, spiritual symbols were discarded and accepted religious guides were ignored. The lack of moral and ethical stamina warped the judgment of individuals and distorted their actions; rightful burdens were rejected. And as the post-war years ripened into the pre-war years, it became apparent that the Church had lost ground. Particularly in the treacherous, degraded allied fields of race-hatred and national megalomania—dual philosophies antipathetic to all religious teachings—the Church must lead a ceaseless, victorious fight for justice, moral and social.

Wendell Willkie.

CRAZY ECONOMY.

MOST of the economist experts in the pre-war world were crazy. They adhered to an utterly false economic theory which made peoples commodity-rich and consumption-poor at one and the same time. . . . Necessity in war-time knows no law of static economics; all so-called laws which are man-made are man-broken when the goods must be delivered for winning the war. Why not apply that to peace? Common-sense economics are not a matter of politics.

H. M. Crankshaw, B.Sc.



"SIR! IF MY HUSBAND WERE HERE HE'D MAKE YOU SWALLOW THOSE WORDS!"

**Good
Morning**

This England

The old church in the village of Singleton,
Sussex.



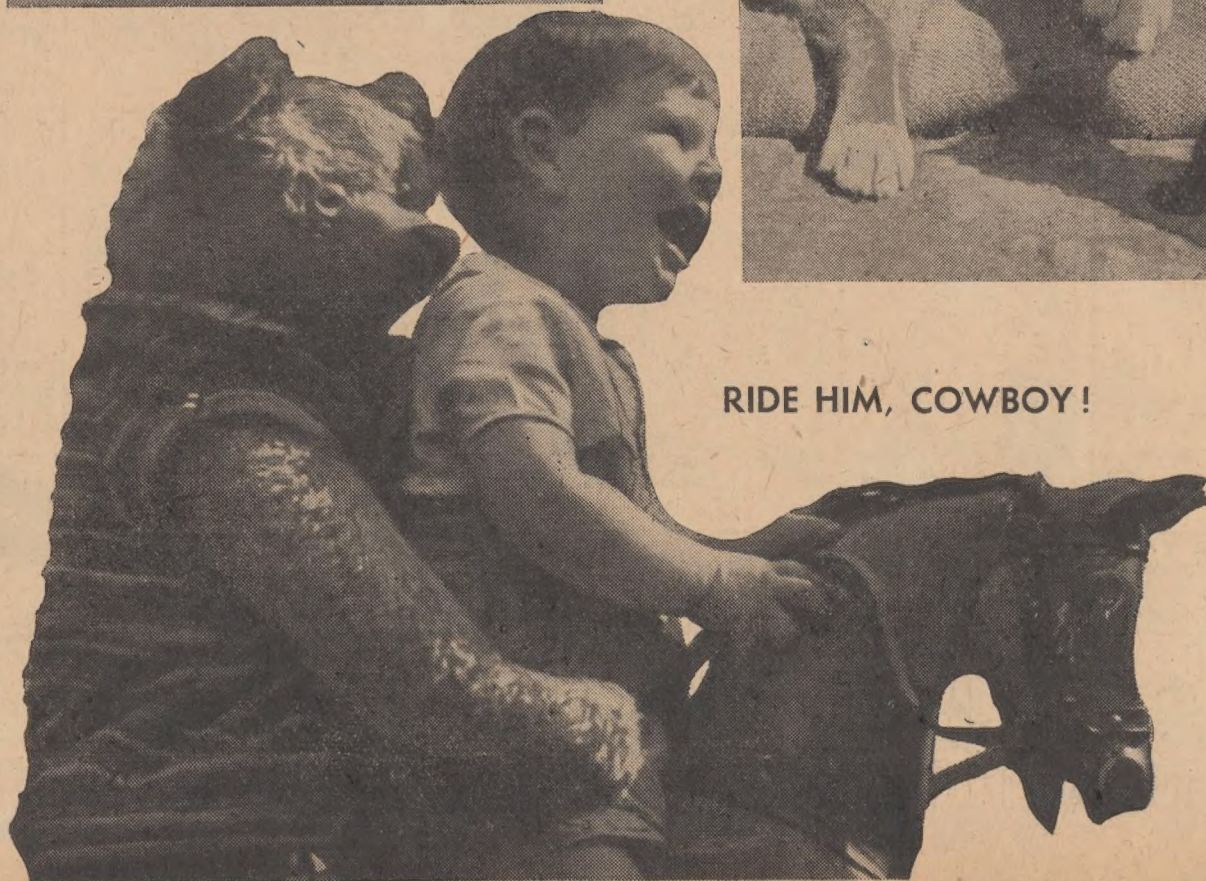
★ THE
MEDICINE
BALL ★



THE KIND OF GUY
WHO "WANTS TO BE
ALONE"



★
"Now let
me tell you
once and for
all, I don't
WANT to
play."
★



RIDE HIM, COWBOY!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Obviously a
CROSS-breed."

